

The Finish Is In Sight

TWO MORE DAYS OF THE BIG PRE-INVENTORY SALE OF THE

L. ADAMS DEPARTMENT STORE

NEVER IN THE HISTORY OF OREGON CITY HAS A SALE ATTRACTED SUCH WIDESPREAD ATTENTION AND THE ENTHUSIASM CONTINUED UNABATED THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE SALE. THERE IS A REASON. THE DAILY SPECIALS HAVE OF COURSE ASSISTED, BUT IT IS BECAUSE THE THOUSANDS WHO HAVE TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF AND BENEFITTED BY THIS SALE HAVE FOUND EVERYTHING JUST AS ADVERTISED AND WERE ENABLED TO MAKE THEIR SELECTIONS FROM SUCH AN IMMENSE STOCK AT PRICES LOWER THAN WERE EVER MADE ON

STRICTLY HIGH GRADE MERCHANDISE

JUST TWO MORE DAYS, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, SO DON'T DELAY

L. ADAMS DEPARTMENT STORE

MOLALLA VALLEY TIMBER IS SOUGHT

(Continued from page one.)

time.

"The Salem, Falls City & Western now operates from Black Rock to West Salem, which is directly across the river in Polk county from Salem. Last year the road secured a franchise into Salem to operate along Union street to a point past Capitol street and at the time it was rumored that the move had in view an extension to Silverton and Abiqua. At the same time the franchise was granted the road secured permission from the state and the War Department to construct a bridge across the Willamette River from West Salem to Salem, to be used as a connecting link for its line from West Salem into this city.

"Assistant General Manager Elmslow, who filed the resolutions, said that it is planned to start construction work on the bridge as soon as the weather will permit and to run cars into Salem at the earliest opportunity.

"Through the new extension, Salem will be brought into direct connection with some of the richest sections in the Willamette Valley. Silverton and Stayton are among the larger towns of the valley. Stayton now is practically without railroad communication, while the railroad connection to Silverton is roundabout and is of little value either to Silverton or Salem.

"In addition to this there are immense lumber holdings in the vicinity of Silverton, which will be tapped by the road and practically a new field will be opened to market.

"It is probable that the road will use motor cars for its passenger traffic on the extension, both to Silverton and Stayton. This is the type of a passenger car which is now in use on the road between West Salem and Black Rock.

Contagious Diseases Among Plants.

All the fungous diseases of plants, such as mildew, scab, blight, rust, rot, etc., are contagious. The contagion is carried from year to year in the diseased part, be it leaf, fruit or branch. The presence of any of this diseased material in the orchard or vineyard increases the chance of the appearance and spread of the disease another year. Nothing is so destructive to the fungous spores as fire, and all affected plants or parts of plants should be cut out and burned.

POSTPONED DUTIES.

When the seven days of the week have been named "Presently," "By and By," "Pretty Soon," "After Awhile," "Tomorrow," "In a Minute" and "Right Away" how busy we shall all be with postponed duties if we are at all mindful of past promises!

An Appropriate Act.

Mrs. Kowler—I suppose lodging house keeping has its annoyances. What do you do when some roomer proves an elephant on your hands? Mrs. Hashleigh—I hold his trunk—Boston Transcript.

Caution and Cowardice.

Teacher—Billy, can you tell me the difference between caution and cowardice? Billy—Yes, ma'am. When you're afraid yourself, then that's caution, but when the other fellow's afraid that's cowardice.—London Tit-Bits.

A Napoleon Of Finance

By ROGER L. SIMPSON

We were talking about money making as a talent. I mentioned the case of Spangler.

Spangler and I were schoolmates. He was always wanting to trade something and invariably came out with the best of the bargain. He was a miniature multimillionaire of the present day, a sort of whirlpool sucking in all things that came within a certain radius. We boys at the school could not figure out how he did it. It was not pleasant when we got a new knife or sled or pair of skates to have Spangler come around with something positively dazzling and offer to trade. For we knew in the end he would have our goods and his own too. But in spite of ourselves our aversion would get the better of us, and we would lose what we had in an attempt to get something better. The funny part of it all was that we never could detect the boy in the slightest dishonesty or even sharp practice. When he had anything to dispose of or was offering a trade, he would say: "Now, fellows, I'd rather you wouldn't. There are certain things about this racket I'm giving up I don't like, but you may not object to them. As for me, I don't know whether I shall be satisfied with what you've got or not. Anyway, I won't blame you if I'm not."

By the time he left school he had all the jackknives, tops, marbles, kites and other such boys' belongings. He went to the high school, and though he didn't capture any prizes he took away all the best tennis rackets, footballs and hockey skates. He got through with his education when he was nineteen, and those of his class who didn't go to college, but went into business, were surprised to hear that Spangler, instead of learning something about mercantile affairs, was going in at once to be a full fledged producer. And when they heard what he was going to do every one smelled revenge. He was going to raise chickens.

I told my father about Spangler's move, and he said: "It is impossible to raise chickens and eggs at a profit, because the farmer, with whom you must compete, will not look upon his chickens as an asset. In other words, he is ready to sell them for what he can get and consider it so much gained." I told this to the boys, and they all agreed that, although Spangler's way of getting things had been all very well at school, now that he had got out into the world he would find he was not so superior to us after all. We were told that if there was any way of making money out of chickens it must be right alongside of a good market, but when we heard that Spangler had bought with money of his own—the things he had acquired of us turned into cash—a little farm away off in the country, with no available road to market, we howled with delight.

One grudge I bore the trader. I had a diamond ring that had been worn by an aunt of mine and which she had

willed me. Spangler got it. If I remember correctly, in place of it I had a pair of skates, four kites, a bag of marbles and a gold watch and chain, both the latter plated.

Well, this is the way Spangler worked chicken farming: He bought up all the chickens in the vicinity of his farm. When we heard that we concluded the farmers must buy from him all the chickens they needed for their tables. Then some one suggested that farmers never eat chickens; when they have them they sell them; when they don't have them they take no interest in them. It was evident that Spangler had got out of his depth. The effrontery of the man was made manifest when he sent me a circular that he was distributing among his neighbors. He had lost the diamond ring that had been mine. He didn't know, but he believed that one of his chickens had swallowed it. Then followed the announcement that his chickens were for sale at reasonable prices and if any one should happen to buy the one that might have swallowed the ring he would be some \$49 to the good.

When I read this circular all my ideas of revenge diffused like vapor. I saw his scheme. But surely the hardy sons of toil in the country would not be taken in by this cheap device. I ground my teeth together and waited. Presently I got another circular stating that 50 per cent of Spangler's chickens had been sold and the ring had not been reported found. The remaining half were still for sale, but the price had been doubled.

What nonsense! Pay \$2 for a chicken that might possibly have swallowed a diamond ring! I couldn't believe that any more farmers would be gulled, especially since this ridiculous price had been put on a chicken. But they were. Spangler sold 40 per cent of the remaining chickens at \$2 each, then raised the price on the remaining ten chickens—skin and bone—to \$5 apiece taking three old roosters himself. The ring was found in the crop of one of the trader's birds.

When I had finished my story Thompson asked what had become of this Napoleon of finance. I told him that Spangler acquired all the land round about his farm, then went to the city, raised a company to build a town on it, sold out his interest at a big price, became a promoter and was now at the head of one of those mammoth institutions that the government is trying to dissolve.

Crack Canadian Anxious to Try His Skill Against the Boston Oarsman. Wray, Harvard's Coach, and Greer May Meet in Series of Contests.

For years there has been little rowing in open competition by professionals. A revival of it seems certain as a result of the efforts of Eddie Durman, a Canadian professional sculler, to arrange a match with R. Arnst for the championship of the world. That match has fallen through, but developments have arisen from the negotiations which assure Durman several races this year.

William Haines, a professional sculler of note in Boston, with Durman, will probably row for the professional single sculling championship of the United States and Canada. Jim Wray, the Harvard coach, and Frank B. Greer, four time senior single amateur sculling champion of Canada and the United States, wish to row the Canadian.

Durman is regarded as the fastest professional sculler on this side of the Atlantic. He issued a challenge several months ago to Arnst, the professional champion of the world. Arnst accepted on the condition that his terms be complied with. Durman agreed to many of them, but others he felt would have handicapped him and made the match profitless to him. Arnst suspended negotiations when he learned that all his demands would not be granted.

Durman wanted the race rowed in Canada. Some years ago he made a trip to Australia to row for the cham-



Photo by American Press Association. JIM WRAY, HARVARD'S COACH, WHO WILL RE-ENTER SPORT.

ampionship. He left Canada in the finest possible condition, but on the long journey across the ocean he became seasick. His condition grew grave, and he required the services of a physician. On the trip Durman lost twenty pounds. He rowed the race shortly after his arrival because of stipulations in the articles of agreement, but he had no chance to win.

When the fact became known that Durman was seeking matches and that the one with Arnst had failed he was challenged by Haines and also by Wray. Some years ago Wray and Durman were to have rowed, but the Harvard coach found it impossible to meet him after negotiations had been going on some time.

Haines sent a direct challenge to Durman. The latter replied to it. He would meet Haines in the spring in a three or four mile race in Toronto Bay, Canada, for a purse of \$1,000. The Canadian prefers to row in June. The warmer the weather the better it suits him. The match has practically been arranged. Of the three—Wray, Greer and Haines—the latter will probably get the first chance at the Canadian.

Boston rowing enthusiasts, especially those in the amateur ranks, are inclined to the belief that Greer would prove a more formidable opponent against Durman than Wray or Haines. Greer is a big, heavy muscled sculler, a little more than six feet tall, with broad shoulders and undisputed skill with the sculls. Greer proved a consistent champion. He had tremendous power. He wrested the honor from C. S. Titus of New York at Worcester some years ago.

He retired from the amateur ranks to accept a position as trainer for crews. Greer is a much taller, broader and stronger man than Durman. He has never rowed in competition a greater distance than a mile and a half. Durman, on the other hand, is well accustomed to traveling three and four miles.

Trotting Grows on the Coast. Pacific coast cities are taking to the light harness sport.

Celestial ingenuity. "Dr. Wu Ting Fang," said a diplomat, "used to tell me many illuminating anecdotes about the Chinese character. I remember one about ingenuity."

"A Chinaman, the anecdote ran, found his wife lying dead in a field one morning. A tiger had killed her. The Chinaman went home, procured some arsenic and, returning to the field, sprinkled it over the corpse. The next day the tiger's dead body lay beside the woman's. The Chinaman sold the tiger's skin to a mandarin and its body to a physician to make fear cure powders, and with the proceeds he was able to buy a younger wife."—Washington Star.

With and Without. First Saleslady—Are you going to marry that gentleman that comes here every day?

Second Ditto—Nope. I'd rather have a job without a husband than a husband without a job.—Life.

"Daddy."

"Dad" is the English of "papa." "Dad" and "daddy" were well known in this country in the sixteenth century. "Papa" did not come in, borrowed from abroad, until the seventeenth century was well advanced. Florio at the end of the former century defined the Italian "pappa" as "the first word that children are taught to call their father, as ours say dad, daddie or bab." "Dad" seems to be the commoner to mankind of the two. Nausica in the "Odyssey" calls her father "pappa philie" (dear papa), but Greek had "tata" also, and Welsh has "tat" and Irish "dadd"—London Chronicle.

A Harsh Critic. Wiggs—D'Auber's picture was rejected. Wagg—Maybe hanging was too good for it.—Philadelphia Record.

Insurance at Lloyd's. Lloyd's, the queer English organization of insurance men, will insure you against any happening whatsoever, from an attack of housemaid's knee to a South American revolution. The Lloyd's is a loose knit organization of Englishmen who will underwrite any risk that may appeal to them as a good business proposition. They will even insure a poverty stricken nobleman against being "sold up" by his creditors or will insure an already burdened family against the advent of twins.

Opposed to it. "Unhand me!" "But that would be doing manual labor."—New York Press.

Victor Hugo.

Victor Hugo was born at Besancon, France, Feb. 26, 1802; died May 22, 1885. He began his literary work at fourteen, and by 1827 his reputation was continental. In 1832, on account of his democratic sympathies, he was an exile in the island of Jersey, but after 1870 he returned to France. Forced into politics, he soon became disgusted with its insincerities and resigned his seat in the assembly to which he had been elected. In 1876 he was made a senator, but never accomplished much in the way of statesmanship on account of his uncompromising hostility to every form of official trickery.

Gave More Than Milk. "What're ye cordin' home with your milk pail empty for?" demanded the farmer. "Didn't the old cow give anything?" "Yes," replied the boy; "nine quarts and one kick."—Stray Stories.

Leonardo da Vinci. Leonardo da Vinci, the celebrated Italian painter, sculptor and architect, died in 1519. He was born in 1452 and became well versed in all the sciences and arts of his time. His most famous picture is "The Last Supper," painted on the wall of a convent at Milan. He is said to have anticipated Galileo, Kepler, Copernicus and others in their astronomical theories and also some of the discoveries of recent geologists, though his views are expressed in somewhat vague language.

SOPHOMORES WIN BASKETBALL GAME

The basketball game Thursday afternoon between the Sophomores and Freshmen of the Oregon City High School was won by the Sophomores, the score being 11 to 5. The lineup was follows:

Sophomores.	Freshmen.
C. Beatie	J. Beatie
L. F.	
Kelly and Morris	Farr
R. F.	
Cross	Dungey
C.	
Holmes and Betzel	McKiligan
R. G.	
Kellog and Green	Allredge
L. G.	

Read the Morning Enterprise. ENJOINS OPENING OF ROAD.

County Judge Beatie has granted an injunction against Julian L. Paul and Charles Cramer from opening a road adjoining tract 12 in Clackamas Park. The injunction was asked by Attorneys Cross & Hammond, representing Hiram Longcoy and Charles F. Cottrell who averred that the defendants for the purpose of making a road had torn down a fence which they had erected on their property. Longcoy also asks \$250 damages.

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